Nor arme nor face, ô be some other name
Belonging to a man.
Whats in a name that which we call a rose,
By any other word would smell as sweete,
So *Romeo* would were he not *Romeo* cald,
Retaine that deare perfection which he owes,
Without that tytle, *Romeo* doffe thy name,
And for thy name which is no part of thee,
Take all my selfe.
Ro. I take thee at thy word:
Call me but loue, and Ile be new baptizde,
Henceforth I neuer will be *Romeo*.
Iuli. What man art thou, that thus beschreend in
So stumblest on my counsell? (nighe
Ro. By a name, I know not how to tell thee who I
My name deare saint, is hatefull to my selfe, (am:
Because it is an enemie to thee,
Had I it written, I would teare the word.
Iuli. My eares haue yet not drunk a hundred words
Of thy tongus vttering, yet I know the sound.
Art thou not *Romeo*, and a *Mountague?*
Ro. Neither faire maide, if either thee dislike.
Iuli. How camest thou hither, tel me, and wherfore?
The Orchard walls are high and hard to climbe,
And the place death, considering who thou art,
If any of my kismen find thee here.
Ro. With loues light wings did I orepearch these
For stonie limits cannot hold loue out, (walls,
And what loue can do, that dares loue attempt:
Therefore thy kinsmen are no stop to me.
Iu. If they do see thee, they will murther thee.
Ro. Alack there lies more peril in thine eye,
Then twentie of their swords, looke thou but sweete,
And I am proofe against their enmitie.
Iuli. I would not for the world they saw thee here.

Ro. I haue nights cloake to hide me frō their eies,
And but thou loue me, let them finde me here,
My life were better ended by their hate,
Then death proroged wanting of thy loue.
Iu. By whose direction foundst thou out this place?
Ro. By loue that first did promp me to enquire,
He lent me counsell, and I lent him eyes:
I am no Pylat, yet wert thou as farre
As that vast shore washeth with the farthest sea,
I should aduenture for such marchandise.
Iu. Thou knowest the mask of night is on my face,
Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheeke,
For that which thou hast heard me speake to night,
Faine would I dwell on forme, faine, faine, denie
What I haue spoke, but farwell complement.
Doest thou loue me? I know thou wilt say I:
And I will take thy word, yet if thou swearst,
Thou maiest proue false at louers periuries.
They say *Ioue* laughes, oh gentle *Romeo*,
If thou dost loue, pronounce it faithfully:
Or if thou thinkest I am too quickly wonne,
Ile frowne and be peruerse, and say thee nay,
So thou wilt wooe, but else not for the world,
In truth faire *Montague* I am too fond:
And therefore thou maiest think my behauior light,
But trust me gentleman, ile proue more true,
Then those that haue coying to be strange,
I should haue bene more strange, I must confesse,
But that thou ouerheardst ere I was ware,
My true loue passion, therefore pardon me,
And not impute this yeelding to light loue,
Which the darke night hath so discouered.
Ro. Lady, by yonder blessed Moone I vow,
That tips with siluer all these frute tree tops.
Iu. O sweare not by the moone th'inconstant moone,
That monethly changes in her circle orbe,